

this huge ventriloquist's
doll with the ventriloquist
locked inside

only the head & the mouth
moving the eyes glazed over
but he's there
his consciousness, his guts
the nuts & bolts of his
personality
peeking out from some two way
mirror in his dead eyes

makes me uneasy
like i might say the wrong
thing
like when i was a kid trying
to open walnuts
by squeezing two together

always doing it too easy
or so hard they split up into
a million crumbs.

I LOVE YOU, BUT

"i love you," she says, "i'm just
not ready to get into anything
serious right now. i need more
space, i'm still trying to get
over Bill."

& i look around & she's right his
presence is in the room
his hands still in her soul
shadows of his shoes by her bed
his gloves draped over the t.v.

he still owns the franchise of
her body
the eyes, lips
between her legs

& now 3 months later the gloves
are gone
& only one shoe by the window
"i still need more time," she says
"but god i love you so much."

& now she fits me in her eyes
her lips
between her legs
plus warmer deeper places

outside i can hear Bill clacking
off down the street with one
shoe
a slow walk around the block
a few times at least.

-- Robert Scotellaro

San Francisco CA

PAPA

He sits in his chair,
motionless.
Weekly visits on Sunday,
frustrating chit chat
no response
They leave him
alone with his hatred.

REUNION

Old Irish uncles
half crooked,
sing old Irish tunes
us kids laugh.

BUSING

By himself,
sitting next to a boy
who too is alone.
A small spit wad in the ear
opens communications.
Friends at last.

-- Bob Amsden

Crete IL